

# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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## WHAT IS HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls, Though hung with pictures nicely gilded; Home is where affection calls, Filled with smiles the heart has builded.

Home, go watch the faithful dove, Sailing 'neath the heaven above; Home is where we love to love, Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room; Home needs something to endear it; Home is where the heart can bloom— Where there's some kind heart to cheer it!

What is home with none to meet, None to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet, When there's one we love to meet us.

## THE LOST RING.

The summer was in its glow an prime. The hillsides were wreathed in amber mist; the river murmured softly through its willow-fringed shores; the woods, all rife with their leafy honors, were like cathedral aisles, carpeted with gold, and russet and crimson layers, and the nuts had never been so plentiful up in Wren's Woods.

Squirrels, school-boys, picnic parties and tramps all had their pick and choice of the nuts, and yet, with every midnight frost and sunrise gale, the ground was strewn afresh with them, and any adventurous stick, thrown up into the branches, would bring down a shower of new treasures.

"But why don't they bring these nuts to market?" cried Laura Heritage. "Why don't we have them in London?"

"Ain't enough of 'em, miss," said Job, a sturdy, young farm laborer. "Besides, they ain't what you'd call a fancy nut."

Just then Mr. Austin, the handsome young curate of Comberdale, came up, and held out his hand to Miss Heritage with a smile.

"I am glad to see you here," said he. "And I am so glad to be here!" said Laura, enthusiastically.

"How do you like a country life?" he asked. "Oh, so much!" cried Laura. "Maple Farm is delightful, and Mr. and Mrs. Jennings are like two antiquaries out of a curiosity-shop. And mamma would give untold gold for the china that they use—extravagant creatures—on the table every day! I could have cried outright last night, when Phoebe dropped a cup and broke it. And we have open wood fires on huge hearths, and the logs are so deliciously fragrant as they burn, and—"

"And little Phoebe?" said Mr. Austin, smiling. "Doesn't she strike you as a curiosity, also?"

Laura laughed. "The niece?" said she. "Do you know I have scarcely looked at her? I like pretty people and pretty things, and that child is quite a figure!"

She spoke carelessly, quite unaware—very possibly she would not have cared had she known it—that Phoebe Jennings was in the sunken glade just below, where the yellow sunlight quivered, and a noisy little rivulet leaped over noisy stones on its way to the river.

Phoebe was big eye and solemn, with face and hands almost as brown as the nuts, and hair that waved and crinkled all over her head.

Mr. Austin had always had a pleasant word and a smile for her; Miss Heritage was the realistic of her ideas of an angel—and now they are laughing about her.

Phoebe stood a minute with her great eyes brimming over, her lower lip tightly clasped by pearl-white teeth.

"Job," said she, at last, "my bucket is full. I think I'll go home."

"What, a ready?" cried Job. "Yes," said Phoebe. "Maybe, Aunt Jennings wants me. I'd better go."

Mrs. Jennings cutting a piece of gold clear money in the comb, out of a glass box, was astonished at the breathless apparition of her little niece, flying headlong down the steep grade of the apple orchard.

"Bless me, child!" said Mrs. Jennings. "Didn't I tell you you could stay till sundown?"

"I didn't want to," said Phoebe. And she rushed up stairs to her room, and cried until she could cry no longer.

Miss Heritage "liked pretty people and pretty things," and she (Phoebe) was "such a figure!"

She had not known it before. She had thought her calico dress, with the black stars upon it, was beautiful; and she had innocently rejoiced in the brown ribbon bow for her neck, that had been her uncle's own present.

And then Phoebe looked in the little six-inch glass and realized how brown, how unkempt, and gipsy-like she was—how dissimilar was her dress from Miss Heritage's soft laces and floating ribbons.

And Mr. Austin, in whose bible-class she was—

"I wish I was dead!" sobbed poor Phoebe. "No, aunt, please!" to Mrs. Jennings kindly call. "I don't want any tea."

"No tea!" said Mrs. Jennings, in amazement. "Child, does your head ache?"

"Yes," said Phoebe, who had never known what it was to suffer an ache or

## THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE.

Two days later Miss Heritage came down to breakfast with a perturbed air.

"My pearl ring," said she: "it's gone."

Now Miss Heritage's pearl ring was not an ordinary trinket, but a costly pearl-shaped pearl, set in a slender hoop of braided gold.

Farmer Jennings set down his coffee-cup and stared; Mrs. Jennings uttered a little cry; Phoebe who was bringing in a plate of hot toast from the kitchen, stood still.

"Deary me!" said Mrs. Jennings "where can you have dropped it?"

"I never dropped it at all," said Laura; positively. "It has been taken—stolen from my room!"

"But, Miss Heritage," said the farmer's wife, mildly, "who is there that would steal it?"

"I don't know," said Laura, excitedly. "I know that it has been stolen, and I wish you would send for the police at once."

Of course there was no one upon whom suspicion would fall but Phoebe—poor, friendless, orphaned Phoebe! Not exactly friendless, either, for Mr. Austin quietly declared that it was quite impossible that she could have committed a crime like this.

"I have known her ever since she came to Maple Farm," said he. "She is a member of my Bible-class. She never did it!"

And Mrs. Jennings yalantly asserted that "she wouldn't never believe no such thing of Phoebe, as never yet so much as took a pin as wasn't hers!"

"You are all infatuated about that girl," said Laura, petulantly. "Who else could have taken it?"

"But surely, Miss Heritage," pleaded Mr. Austin. "You will not prosecute the poor thing? You will give poor Phoebe the benefit of the doubt?"

"I do not see that there is any doubt," said Laura, stiffly. "And my pearl ring must be returned."

"I will pay you the value of it myself," said Mr. Austin, eagerly. "If—"

"You are very much interested in the culprit," said Laura, with a curl of her full, red lips; "but that will not answer the ends of justice at all. No. She stole the ring—let her confess, or suffer!"

The curate looked at Laura with mute surprise—almost with disgust. At that moment, when Miss Heritage sat, like a female Fate, on the sofa, and Mrs. Jennings was comforting poor little Phoebe up stairs, Job came skulking in.

"Found your ring?" said he. "No," cried Laura.

"Here it is," said Job. And sure enough, the great pearl-shaped pearl lay glimmering, like a drop of moonlight, in the lony palm of his hand.

"Where did you get it?" breathlessly demanded Miss Heritage.

Job chuckled, and a looked rather sheepish. "Sent a booshel o' nuts to my cousin Jenny," said he. "Jenny was always partial to nuts; and she writ back to me—what did I mean by sendin' her a pearl ring in 'em?" Didn't I know she was keeping company with Peter Crane? And I writ I didn't send no pearl ring; and this mornin' this came back by post," nodding his head at the jewel. "And the very minute I set eyes on it I knowed it was the one Miss Heritage wore that afternoon at the nuttin'."

Laura turned scarlet. "I must have dropped it in the nuts," said she.

"Of course you did," said Job. "Wonder you never thought of it afore!"

So the awful shadow of suspicion was lifted off Phoebe; and Miss Heritage even condescended to murmur some sort of apology before she went away.

"But it's too ridiculous the fuss they make about that girl," said Miss Heritage, viciously. "Richard Austin will never forgive me for daring to doubt her."

It was quite true, Mr. Austin was completely disenchanted with the dimpled and rock-hearted Laura. And when he did marry, three years afterwards, the bride's name was simple "Phoebe."

For this dark-eyed child had grown into radiant womanhood, and Richard Austin knew that she was a diamond fit to wear on any man's breast.

The Earth and Moon.

According to the recent calculations of Mr. Darwin, the earth and the moon must have formed only one body some 54,000,000 years or more ago, and at a time when this body was rotating at the rate of about one revolution in five hours the mass now forming the moon became separated from it. This was the moon born; and Professor Ball, in his exposition of Darwin's views, concludes that in time the wound on the earth became entirely healed, leaving no scar to testify to the mighty catastrophe. To this final conclusion Mr. O. Fisher now offers an amendment. He believes that the scars are the ocean basins. When the moon's mass was thrown from the earth, the liquid interior must have risen to fill the hole, and portions of the granite crust must have been borne toward the cavity. The holes only partially filled up, and the crust became broken into the fragments which now form the continents.

## Cavendish in America.

A Cincinnati correspondent says I recently met Gen. Averill who told me a singular story about Lord Cavendish, who was lately assassinated in Dublin, Ireland. "You are not aware," said he that Cavendish was in the Army of the Potomac in 1862 and I entertained him for a while. He came to this country with his brother, Lord Hartington, now the Marquis of Hartington, and with Sir John Rose. I was on my way from Washington, where I had been ill, to join McClellan, just before Antietam. On the way certain Englishmen, seeing me with a general's insignia, introduced themselves as Lords Cavendish and Hartington and with them was Rose, I was pretty ill, being barely convalescent, lying down as I was most of the time I heard them talk and divided lunch with them. Cavendish was a young fellow, pretty well made, of a frank, bluff style. His elder brother, Hartington, was something over thirty years old. When we got out at Berlin, in Maryland, to find the army these young fellows still went along with us, and we came to a small house at the roadside, standing rather on a hill, which had but one bed in it and was inhabited by a poor woman. We concluded to stop there for the night and these young lords lay down on the floor with my staff, making no complaint, and insisted on my taking the bed.

"The staff officers got to like them pretty well, and used to say to this Cavendish who was killed Saturday: 'Cavendish, give me some of your tobacco.' They stayed around camp some time, and suddenly Hartington disappeared and turned up in Lee's army. The others did not go. I never inquired as to whether General McClellan permitted Hartington to pass the lines, but have the idea that he just walked out of the picket line and went over. Sir John Rose, when I saw him afterward in Canada, rather apologized for Hartington's disappearance, which was the first time I knew that he had gone to Lee."

## Windows in Warm Weather.

Tamboured embroidery on muslin or on net is the novelty for summer curtains. For simple sash curtains the sprigged or dotted patterns or those with large rings or daisies wrought in them are used without borders, while for the flowing curtains there is a vine or striped border and scalloped edges down the inner sides and across the bottom. The square meshed canvas or grenadine curtains are seen in many of the handsomest residences for both curtains—those fixed in shape next the sash and for the flowing curtains behind it. The trimming to these is insertion and lace; either Cluny or the antique lace is preferred, and sometimes the showy Russian lace is used. The serim curtains have very much the same effect as grenadine curtains and are much less expensive. Colored embroidery in artistic designs has been added to these white curtains, forming sometimes a dais or else a border on two sides, and occasionally there are small figures wrought all over the curtain. For those who like more color the Madras muslins are commended, with their gold, olive or robin's egg blue grounds, strewn with flowers of gay colors. These come in beautifully bleached colors that give almost the effect of stained glass. Moline cloth, made of cotton has taken the place of cretome for cottage parlors and chambers, because it is found to be more durable.

Cornices and lambrequins are abandoned. Poles of wood or of gilt, with rings to which the curtains are attached, are used for curtains of all kinds, whether thin or thick, muslin or lace, cotton or damask. The rings are sewed directly to the hem at the top of the curtain, or else they are attached by little clamps that have been made for this purpose. In the place of lambrequins, there are sometimes valances, or the Queen Anne cap, made of a straight width of plush, felt or other stuff, simply edged with gimp or fringe, placed smoothly across the top of the window, and from beneath this fall the muslin or lace curtains.

## The First American Flag.

In 1870, W. J. Canby, of Washington D. C. read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania a paper on the history of the American flag, in which it was stated that Mrs. John Ross was the first maker and partial designer of the stars and stripes. A committee of Congress, of whom Colonel George Ross was one, accompanied by General Washington, in June, 1776, called upon Mrs. Ross, who was then a widow, doing business as an upholsterer in a house still standing, formerly No. 89, now No. 239 Arch street, below Third, in Philadelphia, and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing, which, according to her suggestions, was redrawn by General Washington in pencil then and there in her back parlor. The flag thus designed was made by her and was adopted by Congress and was the first "Star spangled Banner" which ever floated on the breeze.

Now, who was this Mrs. Ross? She was a daughter of Samuel Griscom, who was a Friend and prominent in his day, the head of a large family of children, who were all educated in habits of industry. Her maiden name was Elizabeth

## House Property in Paris.

Paris is rapidly gaining in size. She adds some 50,000 or 60,000 souls annually to her population, four-fifths of whom are work people and small employees, and yet wherever you go what most strikes your eye is that nowhere are modest dwellings in course of construction. The tendency is to construct excessively, at rents varying from 5,000f. to 30,000f., expensive abodes, and M. Leroy Beaulieu thinks a house property crisis must soon break out, which will considerably reduce rents for a few years. Just as the very dear apartments must diminish in rent as they increase in number, he argues, the more modest dwellings will increase in rent, owing to the proportion of construction not keeping pace with the influx of population. Not only, in fact, is the proportion of increase of dwellings of a modest character small, but great numbers of such dwellings have been and are being pulled down to make way for grand boulevards and avenues stocked with expensive apartments, thus producing an ever increasing disproportion between the two classes of abodes. M. Leroy Beaulieu does not think the present tendency of speculators in house property is due so much to the increase of the price of ground, which in the least populous quarters, has doubled and tripled in the last two years, reaching in the Twentieth Arrondissement often 40f. a square metre—nay, rising as high as 80f. and 100f.—as to capitalists preferring the comfort of long leases and a few wealthy tenants to a multitude of small apartments with all the annoyances and disagreeable necessities entailed in collecting rents from poor tenants. A table he supplies from the property register shows the proportion of the different classes of abodes in 1878. Apartments of a rent not exceeding 300f. are numbered 468,641; of 301f. to 500f. 74,360; of 500f. to 750f., 61,083; of 750f. to 1,000f., 21,147; of 1,000f. to 1,250f., 17,202; of 1,250f. to 1,500f., 6,198; of 1,500f. to 3,000f., 21,453; of 3,000f. to 6,000f., 9,985; of 6,000f. to 10,000f., 3,049; of 10,000f. to 20,000f., 1,453; of upward of 20,000f., 421; total, 684,902.

## A Five Mile Snake.

A writer from Cummins, Georgia, says in our childhood we often heard of a hoopsnake, one that, bringing its head and tail together, rolled over and over like a wagon wheel. It was said that this snake did its execution with its tail, that being pointed like a needle. We never had the terror of seeing one of them, but did, when about eight years old, see a jointed snake. The joints are about six inches long. When alarmed the snake fell to pieces, the head joint darting off like an arrow to a place of concealment. That was the last snake of the kind we ever saw until quite recently we saw a hoop-jointed snake. We were walking leisurely one day through our field close to an old fence, which was near a small branch and marshy swamp. Thinking of no evil, but rather imagining on that piece of ground we could make a bale of cotton to the acre, which would buy twice as much corn as the land would make, all of a sudden we were startled out of ourselves by something rolling by us which looked like the rim of a buggy wheel without the spokes. When it passed about ten steps beyond us, in making an effort to turn, it accidentally struck the end of a projecting rail. This must have alarmed it, for all at once it fell to pieces, and the head joint darted through a crack of the fence and into the swamp as quickly as possible. Remembering the jointed snake of our boyhood, and that our grandfather had told us if we would watch we would see the head return for the joints left, as badly as we were scared we determined to watch and wait the head's return. Not unmindful that we had been told by them of old time that the only protector from a hoop snake was to get behind a tree or stump on the opposite side from the one it was coming, we took a position behind an old stump and waited developments. It was not long before the head came slowly and cautiously through the crack of the fence, raised itself to an angle of forty-five degrees, looked in every direction, and then commenced the work of rejoining its body and tail to its head. This was soon done. Its next movement was to rear itself up perpendicular or, in other words, to stand on its tail. As the head went up we distinctly saw that each joint possessed India rubber qualities, for as it went up each joint became extended until, when the perpendicular position was attained, the head was entirely out of sight. By a mathematical calculation we ascertained its head to be a little less than five miles high, when it passed out of sight. Having taken its bearings, it gradually contracted to nine feet. It then made a circular dart for its tail, and without more ado rolled off rapidly in the direction of the Atlantic.

## Measuring Trees.

In order to ascertain the height of an object, a peculiar method of measurement is in use among the Isthmians. In measuring the height of a tree, for instance, a man proceeds from its base to a point where, on turning the back towards it, and putting the head between the legs, he can just see the top; at the spot where he is able to do this he makes a mark on the ground, and then paces the distance to the base of the tree; the distance is equal to the height.

## Chief Engineer George W. Melville.

who is making the hazardous and almost hopeless search for the missing boat and party of the Jeannette under command of Lieutenant Chipp, is a man of very striking appearance. He was born in New York, and in his young days his family was well known among the old Knickerbockers. He is a heavy-built man, weighing about 190 pounds, and is about five feet eleven inches in height. Of large and powerful frame, he is of light complexion, and has bright, piercing blue eyes. He is supple, and a skilled athlete. When he returned from the Arctic in the Tigress, in November, 1872, he visited the engineer's office in the Navy Yard, and when met by his brother officers the natural question was asked: "Well, George, how do you feel?" He answered, "As bright as a new uniform, and I never felt better;" and to prove his assertion turned a hand-spring without the least difficulty. When serving his time in the machine shop, he could do more work in the same time than any other man and when passing through the shop, if he met an obstruction no higher than his shoulders, he would spend no time in going around it, but would jump over it with the greatest ease.

## Princess Victoria.

Princess Victoria, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Crown Princess of Germany, was confirmed a few weeks ago with her cousin Leopold, the son of Prince Frederick Charles. The service was celebrated in a magnificent State apartment arranged as a chapel, and the Crown Princess herself brought in her young daughter, dressed in a plain gown of white silk, with her hair drawn back from her round boy's face. One curious part of the ceremony was the reading aloud by the Prince and Princess of their confession of faith, a document which, according to an old tradition of the House of Hohenzollern, had been drawn up by the candidates for confirmation themselves.

## The Colorado Desert.

There is an old adage which says that Arizona was the last spot on earth to be created; that Yuma is the outpost of the northern regions and the hottest place in the world. Everyone knows the old story of the two soldiers, who, while stationed at Fort Yuma, died, and going straight to Hades, returned in a short time for blankets! Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that parts of Southern California and Arizona are among the hottest regions of the world. Neither the Desert Gobi in Asia nor the Great Sahara in Africa can be worse in this respect than their small relative, the Colorado Desert in California. A protracted journey of some four weeks over this desert gives an excellent chance to see it in its worst aspect. The desert occupies almost the whole of the large county of San Diego. It is some one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles wide, and the Southern Pacific railroad runs through the centre of it. About sixty miles from Los Angeles the railroad encounters a very heavy grade, one hundred to one hundred and ten feet to the mile, and it continues for twenty-two miles. At the summit, known as San Geronimo Pass, begins the descent into the desert, and every mile brings you to a more desolate country. At Whitewater station, twenty miles from the summit, the desert commences in earnest. First a few flowers enliven the scene. Large cactuses, three or four inches in diameter, grow on small tanks five or six inches high. Large plants of abronia maritima, with clusters of brilliant purple flowers, spread over the ground. A little glia with white corolla, yellow centre, adds its beauty to the scene; and the only shrub, Larrea Mexican, or creosote-plaut, with yellow flowers and sticky leaves and branches, reminds you of the forests you have left behind.

## Good and Bad Table Manners.

We do not as a nation, comport ourselves well at the table. In the first place we eat too fast, and are apt to make a noise over our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouths without a sound, lifting up their spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly.

In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the mouth open, and of putting too much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and hotels, of putting our heads in our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of with the fork.

Some people eat instinctively with great elegance in them; some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Fish and fruits are eaten with silver knives and forks, or, if silver fish-knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never fill a soup-plate for the last drop, or scrape your plate clean. Leave something for "manners"—a good old rule.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals.

The mutual forb



The Republican.  
SATURDAY, July 1, 1882.  
**DEMOCRATIC TICKET.**  
FOR GOVERNOR,  
**EDWARD A. O'NEAL,**  
Of Lauderdale.  
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,  
**ELLIS PHELAN,**  
Of Jefferson.  
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
**HENRY C. TOMPKINS,**  
Of Montgomery.  
FOR TREASURER,  
**ISAAC H. VIVENT,**  
Of Chambers.  
FOR AUDITOR,  
**JESSE M. GARMICHAEL,**  
Of Dale.  
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION,  
**HENRY C. ARMSTRONG,**  
Of Macon.  
We are authorized to announce J. D. HAMMOND as a candidate for re-election to represent Calhoun county in the next Legislature.

Non. W. A. Handley in a recent letter to the papers "goes for" the old fogies, according to his own paper, in a style that is peculiar.  
It appears to us that there is entirely too much abuse of old fogies by the Young America of the present day. They are a valuable conservative force. Their main fault lies in the fact that they won't give all the money they have accumulated by years of patient and careful toil to public improvements suggested by Young America. If Young America is really as progressive as he would have people believe, let him put his hand in his own pocket and proceed to develop things. Hasn't got any? Of course not. Young America rarely accumulates, and when he does he is no more public spirited than Old Fogey. It is those fellows who have nothing and to whom talking is the p that make all the fuss. Hon. W. S. Handley may be a very different kind of man. We hope he is; but if he is, he is an exception to the rule. Most of the so called progressivists are arrant humbugs.  
From the Montgomery Advertiser.  
Address of the Democratic and Conservative State Executive Committee.

To the people of Alabama:  
In behalf of the Democratic and Conservative party of Alabama we congratulate you on the continued ascendancy of that party in our State. But still more do we congratulate you on the great achievements of our party. With exultation we point to these and say to the people, "By our fruits let us be judged." You have seen that how that our State, since that great conflict with and conquest over the malignant spirit and power of Radicalism, in 1874, with our government reclaimed from the strangers and money changers, our altars of home rule and self government rebuilt, our State credit regained, our State pride restored, our debt reduced to manageable proportions, and with all departments of the government economically, wisely and faithfully administered, has taken a high and noble stride forward to meet its high destiny, and that today her people are in the enjoyment of nearly all the substantial benefits of good government rightly administered. Starting with that great era in our history our State has bounded forward in a career of prosperity and development which has astonished the most sanguine of the people at home, and has attracted the attention and respect of those abroad.  
To insure a continuance of these favorable conditions, and to promote this progress and development, and to perpetuate this good government, the Representatives of our party have recently taken council together.  
The work of the convention is before you. The platform of principles adopted by it gives earnest to our party bases its confident hopes for a continuance of your favor upon its purpose and ability to subvert the proper end of government, which is declared by our constitution to be the protection of the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property. The admirable tickets of worthy, capable and patriotic gentlemen which it presents for your suffrages for the high executive offices, is likewise an assurance of its devotion to these principles. We sincerely trust, therefore, that you will ratify this work of the convention by an overwhelming majority at the polls on the 7th day of August next.

And we congratulate you, fellow citizens, that at present there seems to be no good reason to doubt that this Democratic ascendancy will continue and that under it our State will go on prospering and to prosper. What a delightful vista of progress, prosperity and development seems opening to our view. What probabilities are before us!—that possibilities suggest!—that no fragment of fancy, no enthusiast's dream. DeLozueville, viewing our country with calm philosophy, says: "The valley of the Mississippi is, upon the whole, the most magnificent dwelling place prepared by God for man's abode." Why should Alabama not be the choicest part of the Eden spot—of this great expanse of territory? She is endowed by nature with every element of State wealth and happiness—a genial, healthful, uniform climate—a soil easily requiring the labor of the husbandman with a generous yield of almost every diversity of product—excellent mines pouring into her lap rich treasures of those black diamonds of commerce, and that ore, which more than any other subserves the purposes of mankind—vast forests and regions of magnificent timber, and abundant waterfalls, like great arteries, penetrating and traversing her territory.  
And when, in the coming years, her thrifty, industrious, intelligent and patriotic population, encouraged and protected by the beneficent action of Democracy, shall have improved her systems of agriculture, developed her mineral resources, established factories, her cotton mills, with their million spindles, a pillar of cloud by day, her blazing furnaces, a pillar of fire by night, built a net work of railroads sufficient for all the demands of her commerce and the convenience of her people, caused her horde of plenty to be full and overflowing, and general public education to enshrine her name in a laurel wreath, who shall say that Alabama will not become the brightest star in the constellation of the Union, the most substantial column in the Parthenon of Liberty?  
This glorious consummation is the grand mission of the Democracy. And

in view of the start it has taken, and the progress it has made, it does seem that it ought to have encouragement from all, and opposition by none. All the people are protected in all their civil and political rights, the burdens of government are less seriously felt than formerly, and with a continuance of honest, economical and prudent administration, they will be lightened still more, and no check be suffered in our advancement.  
But notwithstanding the assurance which the present and past history of the Democratic and Conservative party gives of its future, and not withstanding it has redeemed all the pledges it made when it came into power again in 1874, we may expect and doubtless have expectation. Our very prosperity will excite the envy and all the cupidity of Radicalism, and its half brother, Independentism. The field is too inviting, the reputation too great for Republican virtue to resist. Even as Satan insinuated himself into the bowers of Paradise, and tempted man to his fall, and "Brought death into the world and all our woe," so will our unscrupulous adversary which would have thrust upon us the infamous Civil Rights Force Bill, regard no place secure against its plotting and treachery. It may not dare to present Mokanna face unveiled, but may produce its hydra heads in the thin disguises of Independentism. Greenbackism, or other forms of opposition. Let us be armed with the liberal spirit of true Democracy, ready to touch and expose the Protean monster in all its naked hideousness.  
Indifference, apathy will inspire and embolden opposition, while compote organization and a resolute purpose to combat and defeat it wherever found, will check and deter it. We conjure you then, fellow citizens, by our memories of the past, and our hopes for the future, that discarding all private and personal prejudices and disappointments if any exist, and with an eye single to the promotion of the public welfare, you adhere firmly to the principles of our party and seek vindication of those unifying principles in the triumphant election and faithful services of our nominees. Having done this, and when two years hence, we again take the reckoning of our Ship of State, we feel confident that our enemies and opponents shall find nothing to boast of or complain of except that another successful Democratic administration has again belied all their prophecies of evil.

JOHN M. MCLEOD, Chairman.  
H. C. Sample, N. H. Dawson,  
W. S. Clarke, Miss Walker,  
H. R. Hood, J. N. Arrington,  
J. T. B. Ford, D. G. Dunklin,  
J. H. G. Martin, J. H. Rainer,  
J. K. Edwards, A. E. Caffey,  
W. R. Nelson, J. B. Cooke,  
M. A. Smith, J. R. Dowdell,  
J. N. Slusher, John J. Altman,  
A. J. Hamilton, W. W. Shortridge,  
William M. Meeks, W. W. Shortridge,  
J. B. Knox, Arthur Keller,  
Charles W. Brown, Hugh Seavers,  
TENNESSEE LEMAN, Secretary.

**The Republic's Motto:**  
Proteged Applause.  
The Tariff Commission Bill provoked some very fine speaking, both in the Senate and House, but the pervasion of Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, is rather ahead in the flow of sentiment and felicity of expression. Here it is:  
"I, too, would have the whirl of the engine, the hum or the spindle and the ring of the anvil, but I would mingle with it a joyous song of the contented ploughman as he follows from dawn till dark the turning glebe which must at last give food and sustenance to all. (Applause.) I would have that glorious melody supplemented by the ringing laugh of happy childhood as it gathers at close of day about the farm house door, the vine clad cottage of the mechanic and the humble home of the delving minor. I would breathe the face of every honest toiler with the smile that comes of content and thrift, instead of leaving it wet with tears. I would make each citizen of this great land believe that he is the equal of his fellow; I would have him know that he is free commercially free, as well as politically free, wearing no shackles, standing erect, receiving protection from rendering loyal homage to this country upon exact equality with all. (Applause.) I would make each citizen of our live his country, not as a mere sentiment but because of its just and equal laws. I would have him feel that he rested secure in his every right beneath the broad protecting wings of a great, just, a powerful republic. I would write that republic's motto and blazon it upon her shield and give it to the world; I would make it so broad and catholic that parties should not divide upon it, and no man might gainsay. I would make it read: Protection for each citizen abroad, justice and equality for each citizen at home."

**Campaign Platforms.**  
Burlington Hawkeye.  
"Julia" wants to know "what a party platform is? Well, a platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-sensentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform; down on corruption, loud in its praise of purity, and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform you understand, Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pump circumstance, it goes along with the banners, transparencies and torches, and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like the campaign torch, indeed, it gives out a great deal of smoke and smoke, with a very uncertain, flickering light.

high exhausted, and the poor negro, after he pays tribute to his landlord, State and Government has not enough to make ends meet, and it is but natural that he desires a change. Mr. Cooke regards the exodus of last year as a great blessing to South Carolina; it was so general and ominous that the planters became frightened lest they would be in want of sufficient labor to work their cotton, and in consequence more grain was planted than during the past forty years, and the yield will be greater than during the period. This, he thinks, will have the effect of keeping some at home who otherwise would have emigrated. Yet he expects several thousand to leave that State within a year. The exodus will begin early in the fall.

**Where Are the Jews to Go?**  
St. Louis Republican.  
The Jews world is narrowing down rapidly of late. Russia has become so unpleasant for them, that at least a million of the Hebrew race in that country are anxious to get out of it, and are leaving as fast as they can. Many of them emigrate from the land of their latest persecution without an idea of where they will find rest for the soles of their feet. Any condition anywhere is better than Russian rapine. Many of them find their way to England, and the Mansion House committee in London, send them to America, where, it appears, the best provision possible with the smallest amount of funds can be made for the refugees. There is a late complaint that too many of them are coming to the United States. This was unlooked for, as there is plenty of room, and more work than hands can be found to do. Yet the objection from some quarters might have been expected, too, since the Jews are driven from Russia for the same cause that many want to drive out and exclude the Chinese from this country—their thrift. Human nature is much the same everywhere, and a national or a class has only to prove itself superior to the ruling majority in any particular to excite their envy and then hatred, and then comes persecution. So there is already a cloud in the West, threatening the free and unrestricted immigration of the Russian Jewish refugees. Now there is an obstacle in the way of their going East, and Turkey is the rock ahead. It seems that the Messianic idea took possession of a large number of the Russian Jews, and their teachers encouraged it. It involved a general colonization in Palestine, and agents were sent ahead to prepare for the exodus to their ancient heritage and promised land. In pursuance of this plan, two hundred of them in a body started to the land of their fathers, and reached Constantinople on their way. Here they were faced by an edict of the autocrat of the Ottoman Empire, forbidding them to settle in Palestine and the further prosecution of the journey was abandoned. There is no present objection to their remaining in Turkey, but let them go there and prosper beyond the neighboring Turks, and there is nothing left for them but to move on somewhere. But where are the chosen people to go, and be at peace?

**Campaign Platforms.**  
Burlington Hawkeye.  
"Julia" wants to know "what a party platform is? Well, a platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-sensentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform; down on corruption, loud in its praise of purity, and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform you understand, Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pump circumstance, it goes along with the banners, transparencies and torches, and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like the campaign torch, indeed, it gives out a great deal of smoke and smoke, with a very uncertain, flickering light.

The rolling mills of the Pittsburgh, Pa., employ eighteen thousand nine hundred hands. Capital to the amount of twenty million dollars is invested, and its annual product is thirty million dollars.  
The Rome, Ga., Courier says the best evidence that the South presents the best field for cotton manufacture is in the fact that the Southern mills run profitably on time, while Northern mills have to curtail their production.  
Atlanta correspondence Augusta Ev. News: Atlanta is to have an oleomargarine factory. A stock company with \$100,000 capital has been organized. \$40,000 of the stock was taken by New Yorkers and \$60,000 by prominent citizens of Atlanta. The company has purchased a lot of land just beyond the city position grounds, and will commence at once the erection of their factory.  
**The Money of the World.**  
Director Burchard, of the United States Mint estimates the world's production of gold for the calendar year of 1881 at \$107,000,000 and silver \$87,500,000.  
The consumption of the world in ornamental manufactures and arts is estimated for the same period at \$75,000,000 gold and \$35,000,000 silver.  
The estimated circulation in the principal countries of the world is placed at: Gold, \$2,211,000,000; full legal tender silver, \$2,155,000,000; limited tenders, \$423,000,000; total specie, \$5,777,000,000; paper, \$3,044,000,000; making the total circulation, including the amount held in Government securities and banks and in active circulation, \$9,403,000,000.  
As there are about 1,500,000,000 of the people in the world it follows that if the cash in coin and paper was equally divided every man, woman and child would have nearly \$7. So, when you haven't that much money in your purse you have less than your share, and when you have a gold eagle you have \$3 more than your share. It is a great mistake to suppose that the world owes any one thing. That can be only got by hard toil of brain or hands.

**Election Notice.**  
**THE STATE OF ALABAMA,**  
Calhoun County.  
Notice is hereby given that I, James B. Farnham, the Sheriff of said county, will cause to be opened and held at the various places of voting in the election precincts in said county, on the first Monday in August, 1882, that being the 7th day of said month, an election for the purpose of electing Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Education for the State of Alabama, and a Representative to the General Assembly of said State for the county of Calhoun; and notice is hereby further given, that the following named persons are appointed inspectors of said election for the respective election precincts in said county, as hereinafter named, to-wit:  
PRECINCT NO. 1—JACKSONVILLE.  
Wm. M. Hames, } Inspectors.  
Robert L. Arnold,  
John A. Cook, }  
A. A. Beal, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 2—ALEXANDRIA.  
E. P. Crook, } Inspectors.  
W. P. Cooper,  
E. T. Clark, }  
E. G. Lee, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 3—FOUR MILE.  
Willy Glover, } Inspectors.  
D. E. Weaver,  
J. K. Douglas, }  
John Par. er, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 4—COURT GROUND.  
J. A. Nicholson, } Inspectors.  
W. H. Grogan,  
G. W. Burns, }  
J. P. Ford, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 5—POLKVILLE.  
M. N. Coker, } Inspectors.  
John Y. Henderson,  
H. T. Francis, }  
F. M. Jones, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 6—PEEKS HILL.  
W. M. Cochran, } Inspectors.  
James Hagin,  
J. H. Gilliland, }  
Thompson Gault, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 7—HOLLINGSWORTH'S SCHOOL.  
J. D. H. Hingsworth, } Inspectors.  
James Keller,  
Wm. Landers, }  
C. W. Howell, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 8—COURT GROUND.  
W. J. Scott, } Inspectors.  
John M. Patterson,  
W. B. Green, }  
D. A. McCollum, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 9—CROSS PLAINS.  
Thomas Stewart, } Inspectors.  
Thomas P. Savage,  
W. W. Lindsay, }  
C. M. Metcalf, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 10—CROSS ROADS.  
David Jennings, } Inspectors.  
J. M. Wornock,  
Joseph Borden, }  
John D. Hall, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 11—WHITE PLAINS.  
Wm. C. Scarborough, } Inspectors.  
A. J. Kerr,  
D. S. Black, }  
W. C. LeGrand, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 12—CORN GROVE.  
John F. Davis, } Inspectors.  
J. R. Scott,  
C. D. Davis, }  
J. C. McDaniel, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 13—OXFORD.  
C. T. Hilton, } Inspectors.  
R. L. Allen,  
W. F. Higgins, }  
S. W. Hingston, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 14—SULPHUR SPRINGS.  
J. T. Vinson, } Inspectors.  
H. L. Whiteside,  
W. C. Hart, }  
Z. T. Beasley, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 15—ANNISTON.  
Hiram Sides, } Inspectors.  
G. B. S. Eaton,  
W. J. Edmondson, }  
Jas. F. Jones, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 16—LADIGA.  
W. A. Wilson, } Inspectors.  
L. C. O'Driscoll,  
Scott Nalvey, }  
W. A. Stewart, Returning Officer.  
PRECINCT NO. 17—DEARMANVILLE.  
N. B. DeArman, } Inspectors.  
V. Bice,  
J. T. Bennett, }  
C. C. Crow, Returning Officer.  
J. B. FARMER, Sheriff of Calhoun County.  
A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.  
P. D. ROSS, Clerk Circuit Court.  
I hereby appoint the above and foregoing named Returning Officers, Special and Juror Sheriffs, whose duty it shall be to maintain good order and allow no one within the precinct of the ballot boxes, except while voting.  
J. B. FARMER, Shff.  
July 1, 1882—6t.

**WHOLESALE LIST**  
**TURNIP SEEDS!**  
**MERCHANTS!**  
SEND US YOUR BUSINESS CARD FOR TRADE LIST.  
**D. LANDRETH & SONS,**  
PHILADELPHIA.  
**ICE, ICE, ICE.**  
**Beer on Ice!**  
All kinds of Summer drinks served at the "City Bar" on short notice, by the undersigned, who has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of best  
**LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKY**  
Direct from the Distillery, as well as  
**Apple, and Peach Brandies,**  
He would especially call the attention of all desiring a good drink to his celebrated  
**"Cabinet Whiskey,"**  
which is the best in the market. He has genuine imported Holland Gin and French Brandy, FOR THE SICK. Fresh Lemons always on hand. Also, pure sweet mash corn whiskey. His liquors are bought under bond and he knows them to be fine and pure. A general line of goods in liquors of all brands. Beer, Cider, &c., including Sacramento Wine. Also a large lot of fine Cigars and Tobacco and Snuff.  
Large lot of empty barrels in stock.  
**My Billiard Parlor**  
which is well ventilated and furnished with the best Billiard and Pool Tables, is the favorite resort of those who love the game. Respectfully,  
JNO. RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala.  
N. B.—Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or note may 12—6m

**PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER**  
A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.  
After forty years of trial, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!  
Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says:  
"In fresh wounds, cuts, bruises, sores, etc., it is the most effective remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single house hold."  
From the Cincinnati Dispatch:  
"We have seen its magic effects, and know it to be a good article."  
From I. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rheinland Prussia:  
"After years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains."  
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use, and those who have used it the longest are its best friends.  
Its success is entirely because of its merit. Every family should have a bottle ready for use. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills may be saved by prompt application of the PAIN KILLER. Unlike most medicines, it is perfectly safe even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.  
**PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.**  
July 30, 1882—11 t.

**STEVENSON & GRANT,**  
Correspondents of  
**Real Estate Banking**  
—AND—  
**LOAN ASSOCIATION OF ALABAMA.**  
WILL UNDERTAKE TO NEGOTIATE LOANS AS FOLLOWS:  
On producing farm lands, for from three to five years.  
On producing farm lands, for three to five years, payable in annual installments.  
On crop lien, personal and real security, for one year or less, with agreement to ship cotton to Selma. Applicants may apply for loans on producing farm lands for a term of years, either with or without the condition to ship cotton. Loans made for \$300 and upwards.  
**STEVENSON & GRANT,**  
Jacksonville Ala.

**GENIUS REWAPED,**  
—OR THE—  
**Story of the Sewing Machine**  
A hand-some little pamphlet, blue and gold cover, with numerous engravings, will be  
**GIVEN AWAY**  
to any adult person calling for it, at any branch sub-office of The Singer Manufacturing Company, or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any person living at a distance from our office.  
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. Principal office, 34 Union Square, New York.  
one 18—1y  
**Mountain Farm and Vineyard For Sale.**  
The undersigned will give a bargain in the fine fruit farm and vineyard on top of the mountain 1 1/2 miles from Jacksonville known as the George White place.  
**STEVENSON & GRANT,**  
Real Estate Agents.

**Lumber! Lumber!**  
The Steam Saw Mill of CAMP BROS., at Weavers Station, has recently been greatly improved, and orders will be promptly filled for  
**YELLOW PINE LUMBER.**  
Of all descriptions, as well as  
**Laths, &c.,**  
Dry Lumber furnished when needed. Price moderate. Send in your orders.  
CAMP BROS., may 6—82—6m Weavers Station, Ala.

**Register's Sale.**  
Under and by virtue of a decree rendered at the February Term 1882, of the Chancery court for the county of Calhoun, State of Alabama, in the case of John M. Brewster vs. A. H. Hamphill, I will, as Register of said court, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door of said county, on Monday the 10th day of July next, the following described real estate, to-wit: Two acres of land, more or less, bounded as follows, on the North by what was formerly Dr. Smartt's land, on the East by what was formerly the Hall place, on the South by Mrs. Ead's and Copeland's lots, and on the West by a street running North and South in the town of Oxford, and the said two acres being a part of Section 19, Township 10, Range 8, East in the Conasa land district, Stat. and county aforesaid. Said land will be sold to satisfy said decree in favor of the said Brewster and against the said Hamphill.  
WM. M. HAMES, Register.  
June 10—4t

**NOTICE.**  
All parties indebted to the firm of Landers & Britain must come forward and settle, either note or cash, or they will be and that right IMMEDIATELY.  
JNO. M. CALDWELL  
Aug 5—1f

**HOUSE RESIDENT.**  
On a house and lot in Jacksonville, containing seven acres, known as Judge Foster's residence. The lot is most desirably built and situated. A never failing well, supplies the water the year around. The place is abundantly supplied with fine fruit, including an extensive orange grove. Huge native oaks and the ground is thickly laid off. It is a very desirable place for some gentleman who wants a summer residence. Part of the place. Will sell for \$30,000 in 3 months. Reason if taken in 3 months. Reason—owner moved out of the State.  
Address  
**STEVENSON & GRANT,**  
Real Estate Agents, Jacksonville.  
net 1—1f

**SHOULD ATTEND**  
**MOORE'S BUSINESS UNIVERS**  
ATLANTA, GA.  
A Model Business School  
ACTUAL BUSINESS  
**STUDENTS ON CHARGE**  
A Practical School for the  
No Theory. No copying from best covers of instruction or any other practical method of teaching all its various methods, terms and usages. Business correspondence, business arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, etc., etc.  
No vacations. Students receive time Circulars containing full mailed free to any address.  
une 18—1y B. F. MOORE

**REAL ESTATE FOR SALE**  
A Chance For Bargain  
**Messrs. STEVENSON & GRANT**  
Real Estate Bro.  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.  
OFFER the following described land at a bargain. For full particulars, apply to  
**160 ACRES** in Calhoun county, near Jacksonville, 20 acres oak and live oak growth. 1 from 500 to 1700 lbs. seed. One half cash, balance on time.  
**80 ACRES** three and a half miles from Jacksonville, mostly fresh. Rains excellent. Land good. No debt paid for in six yearly payments. Call on or address J. B. FARMER.

**100 ACRES** within one mile of Anniston, 25 acres well timbered and 75 acres good water, orchard, houses, blacksmith and mill, etc. on the place. Also, a small tract within a few miles of R. R. survey through the place.  
**120 ACRES** near Jacksonville, line. Framed building, other improvements. In good condition. All in a high state of good. In good neighborhood.  
**180 ACRES** 8 miles west of Jacksonville, on Gadsden road. Good improvements. In good condition. 100 acres in cultivation. 100 acres woodland well timbered yellow clay soil.  
**2500 ACRES** in a beautiful location (Quincy) near Jacksonville. 2000 acres in cultivation. 500 acres in woodland. 1000 acres in pasture. No room for further advertisement. Call on or address J. B. FARMER.

**GLDSMITH & GENTS**  
**FURNISHING**  
Hats, Caps, Valises, etc.  
No. 9 Peachtree  
sept 24—4m







# HEALTH IS WEALTH

*Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.*

---

**RADWAY'S**

**Sarsaparillian Resolvent.**

---

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone, and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

[illegible]

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

**MINUTE REMEDY.**

Only requires **MINUTES** not **HOURS**, to relieve pain and cure acute disease.

**RADWAYS**

**READY RELIEF**

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with thorough application; no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Red-ridden, Inflamed, Crisped, Nervous, or prostrated with disease may suffer, the RADWAYS READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

[illegible]

**CAUTION.**

All remedial agents capable of destroying life are overdone should be avoided. Morphine, opium, strychnine, aconite, hyoscinum, and other powerful remedies, do at certain times, in very small doses, relieve the patient during their agonizing system. But perhaps the second dose, if repeated, may aggravate and increase suffering, and the other dose cause death. There is no necessity using these emortant agents when a positive remedy like Lawson's Kidney Relief will cure, and cause excruciating pain quicker, without exhausting least difficulty in either infant or adult.

**THE TRUE RELIEF.**

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** is the only remedy agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

**Fifty Cents Per Bottle.**

**RADWAY'S**

**RE- D- U-**

Perfect Purgatives, soothing Aperients, drive out  
our Pain, Alleviate Rupture and Natural  
their Operations.

**A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR  
CATHARTIC.**

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sug-  
gar, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and soothe  
them.

**DR. SWAYNE'S PILLS** for the cure of all disorders  
of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder,  
Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Hilaria,  
Nausea, Vomiting, Colic, Spasms, Headache, and  
Rheumatism, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and  
derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted  
to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, con-  
taining no mercury, minerals, or other dangerous  
ingredients. Prepared by **DR. SWAYNE**, of New York, and  
residing in the City of New York, at the Dispensary  
from Diseases of the Digestive Organs; Constantly  
on hand, Inward Pills, Fever, Cholera, and  
Nausea, Vomiting, Colic, Spasms, Headache, and  
Rheumatism, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels,  
Piles, and derangements of the Internal Viscera.  
Dispute of Food, Fullness or Weight in the  
Stomach, Eructations, Flatulencies, and  
Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensation of

Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Headache, Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Jaundice, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, and Dropsy, Pinches of Itch, Burning of the Pits, etc.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILL will free system from all the above-named disorders.

**Price, 25 Cents Per Box.**

We repeat that the reader must consult books and papers on the subject which may be obtained, and cure of anything which may be named:

"False and True,"  
"Radway on Irritable Uterus,"  
"Radway on Scrofula,"

And others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

**READ "FALSE AND TRUE."**

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 107, N. York.

[illegible]

Advertisement in this Journal, dated

**A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR  
CALOMEL.**

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sugar,  
gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

**RADWAY'S PILLS** for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulency, Spasms, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Cholera, and all derangement of the Internal Organs. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms result

from Diseases of the Digestive Organs; Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgrace of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations while in a lying posture. Dose or Two before the Stomach. Fever and Bull Pain in the Head, Delirium, Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eruptions in the Side, Breast and Limbs, and Stomach. Finishes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free system from all the above-named disorders.

---

**Price, 25 Cents Per Box.**

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

- "False and True."
- "Radway on Irritable Urethra."
- "Radway on Scrophula."

And others relating to different classes of Diseases.


SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

**READ "FALSE AND TRUE."**

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 12 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

For information worth thousands will be  
to you.

264



**Holman's**

Acts By Absorption  
Through the  
**NERVE FORCES and  
CIRCULATION.**

The Only True

**MALARIA ANTIDOTE**

It is the only known remedy that positively  
reels every vestige of malarial taint from the system

[illegible]

Box 2113.

Those answering an advertisement to confer a favor upon the advertiser and publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this journal, gaining



WHOLE NO. 2360.

made slow work of it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listless, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when about what sounds may be going on near from a feeling that is not curiosity, more overpowered.

Suddenly what must have been a light vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up at the door of "Green Dragon" while the voice of a new comer became audible, Seton I

"I think there were faults on both sides," she said quietly.

"Yes, there were," he replied: "I was reading your last letter only to— Oh, how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter!" she said passionately voice quivering and her breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for word,"

Floes require free access to water all summer time. If they can have a place to bathe or wallow in, it is beneficial to them as it cools and cleanses the skin. It is not filthy; it is a good disinfectant and is very useful. Some times mud baths have been found useful as medicinal treatments for sick people.

stainly in the primitive Southern  
language, goes to a bundle of  
with a gaily-painted ox hide and  
forth her treasures. You immediately  
recognize in these two pictures the  
nesses of the Ponce chiefs, taken  
their glory of Indian costume.  
she tells you about her boy at  
and his father who was murdered  
years ago, and this woman is a

"Any more?" asked the owner of the saloon. The former scratched his head and wriggled around.

"No-o, I don't know as I kin say any more just now, but if y' want me to go ahead and put up a station there I can count on a dozen of us sittin' there all the time to make this a big like business."

LINSEED meal is often found feeding value than the seed itself in making it into cake twenty-five per cent. In the cake it increases the percentage of albumen five per cent. making linseed meal twenty-eight per cent.

of more  
because  
per cent.  
cloven to  
This in-  
about  
contain







WHEAT WILL PAY DEBT.

Don't forget the fact that we want wheat in payment of debts due to the highest market price will be paid.

**SEWING MACHINE.**—Sewing Machine of any make, can be furnished on terms. Sewing Machine, treadle and attachments, needles, thread and all these can be purchased at greatly reduced prices. Give us a call.

**Public Speaking at Jacksonville.**—Rev. R. A. O'Neal, Democratic candidate for Governor, and Hon. Isaac H. Ladd, Democratic candidate for Treasurer, will speak at Jacksonville, Saturday, July 15th. Everybody, (the ladies especially) are invited to attend.

So cold here on the night of the 14th that blankets were brought out, and the beds and fires were necessary on the morning of the 15th.

At the Methodist church to-morrow at 11 o'clock—Rev. V. O. Hawkins will preach.

Attention is directed to the advertisement in the "Call" Improved Light Draft Cotton Gin, to be found in another column.

General rains visited this section July 14th and the crop prospect is more brightening than ever. The papers for years have urged the planting of "more corn."

This year our farmers have been blessed with the Lord of the harvest is blessing the soil.

There is a split in the Republican party in Alabama. Saturday another convention was held and a contesting delegation elected to attend the Republican state convention, July 6, in Montgomery.

Rev. V. O. Hawkins will preach at the Presbyterian church, near Mr. W. J. Scott's residence, next Sunday evening, at four o'clock, on the subject of Sunday schools. Come out and hear him.

**The Fourth.**—On the fourth of July a large assembly assembled at the Court house in the celebration of the birth of our great Republic. After repeated calls for various persons, Mr. Woodward finally took the stand, and gave a very excellent and highly eloquent extemporaneous oration. His eloquence mingled with the thunder and storm, gave us a vivid and pathetic picture of the struggles of the fathers in formulating and maintaining the great fundamental principles of the only true civil liberty as laid down in the first great written Constitution of mankind, and of the lasting triumph of these immortal principles of truth, justice and right.

We are pleased to announce the arrival of Miss Marie E. Montgomery of the L'Grange Female College faculty. She will give a series of lectures from Georgia which will show in what esteem the Montgomery is held by those who love her.

She is the daughter of perhaps the most successful educator of females that the South ever knew—Col. J. T. Montgomery, founder of the L'Grange Female College; afterwards President of Georgia Institute, Sumnerfield Ala., and the Marshall Female College, in Texas. Miss M. is thus an hereditary teacher—besides bringing several years' experience as such. She will reside and teach here, perhaps—and we are congratulated by others on her acquisition.

Mr. James Head, an old citizen of the county died at 3:30 p.m. He first had a stroke of paralysis, then was taken with dropsy, which caused his decease.

Miss Carry Morris is progressing finely with her school at Cape Creek school house. She is a great public benefactor to the settlement in which she lives.

**CROSS PLAINS LOCALS.**—MARRIED.—On the evening of the 23rd inst. at the Methodist church in this place, by the Rev. P. H. Brewster, Mr. A. N. McBride to Miss Josephine Ferguson.—Attendants: Dr. W. W. Little and Miss D. M. Callery; Mr. J. K. Bailey and Miss Hattie Dunn; Mr. J. F. Jenkins and Miss M. M. Ferguson; Mr. R. F. Hughes and Miss Sallie Brewster; Mr. W. B. Long and Miss Katie Kiernan; Mr. W. C. Savage and Miss Annie Kiernan; Mr. David Cowden, and Miss Sallie Teague; Mr. R. E. Lewis and Miss Mollie Kiernan. The church was brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated; and while the lovely bride and handsome bridegroom stood there before the altar, under interwoven wreaths of beautiful flowers, surrounded by fair women and brave men, the whole formed a scene captivating in the extreme. And there before that sacred altar, in presence of many admiring friends, the handsome couple pledged their vows, promising to love, cherish and keep "until death do them part." After the ceremony and congratulations, the bridal party repaired to the residence of an elegant and sumptuous repast awaited them. My life grew happier for them every day, is the wish of your humble reporter.

The third quarterly conference of Cross Plains circuit was held at the Methodist church at this place last Saturday and Sabbath. The presiding Elder, Rev. Mr. Morris, preached two very able and interesting sermons, greatly edifying his large audience.

The Cross Plains Brass Band resorted last Saturday, and treated our citizens to some very good music. We hope the boys will keep up their organization.

Mr. D. D. Loffland, has lately associated with him in the hotel business at this place. Mr. Robert Gibbons of Bristol, Tenn., who has become a resident of our town.

The following lines were handed me by a little pupil, nine years of age, (Willie W.). They were suggested by a few remarks I made to the school on Mr. Longfellow's first poem. I hand it to the editor in the same language in which it was handed to me. G. B. R.

**Rhymes on Geraniums.**  
Geraniums so sweet and so tall,  
Geraniums so lovely and small,  
And when your sweet breath floats out  
In the air,  
I look on you with tenderest care;  
For I think on you in my innocent glow,  
How dear you are to me  
Geraniums—sweet Geraniums.

O how lovely you are,  
You look like a beautiful star;  
And when I look—I look with pride on you,  
Pink, white and crimson hue.  
I wonder if you grew on the Mediterranean,  
Geraniums, sweet Geraniums.

And each morning when I awake from sleep,  
I go out to see the Geranium so sweet;  
And each one is sparkling with pearls of dew.

Catching the morning sun's golden hue;  
And O how I love you nobody knows,  
Geraniums, Geraniums as sweet, as sweet as a rose.

I've got one little Geranium all to myself.  
And I like it better than any one else's.  
My little Geranium is going to bloom.  
I hope its bloom will be big as a spoon.  
Now I must study, and by and by I'll call to see you some play hour.

**PUBLIC SPEAKING.**  
I shall attend the various precincts at the times specified, for the purpose of addressing the people. I most earnestly solicit the voters to meet with me, and the ladies are most cordially invited to come out, for their interest in our State affairs are equal with ours.

White Plains, Monday, July 17  
Rabbit Town, Tuesday, July 18  
Ludwig, Wednesday, July 19  
Cross Plains, Thursday, July 20  
Beat No. 8, Asbury, Friday, July 21  
Beat 7, Hollinsworth, Sat., July 22  
Alexandria, Monday, July 23  
Peaks Hill, Tuesday, July 24  
Peaks Hill, Wednesday, July 25  
Maddox, Beat No. 4, Friday, July 26  
Aniston, Saturday, July 27  
Oxford, Monday, July 29  
McArthurville, Tuesday, August 1  
Davisville, Wednesday, August 2  
Beat No. 3, Thursday, August 3  
Jacksonville, Saturday, August 5

Very respectfully,  
JNO. D. HAMMOND.

**MARTIN'S ROADS LOCALS.**  
W. D. Johnson is happy—it's a boy. Rev. T. R. Trotter is very happy—two girls this time.

Corn crops are looking well in this vicinity. We think that crops have never been cultivated as well in this portion of the county as they have been this year. Many farmers are about done laying by their crops. We have had good seasons during the last few days, and the prospect is good for an abundant supply of bread stuff for another year; then we may look for large crops of cotton, again and bread at starvation credit prices.

There is not much said about politics in this settlement. But few are in favor of the stock law spoken of, but I believe all are in favor of a road law; and nine tenths are against any more prohibition unless a general prohibition law is passed for the State.

A projected meeting commenced at Cape Creek Baptist church the 2nd Saturday in July. Everybody is invited to attend, at Mr. Morrisville. Methodist church, on the 4th Sunday in July, to which distant brethren are invited to attend.

Mr. James Head, an old citizen of the county died at 3:30 p.m. He first had a stroke of paralysis, then was taken with dropsy, which caused his decease.

Miss Carry Morris is progressing finely with her school at Cape Creek school house. She is a great public benefactor to the settlement in which she lives.

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Mr. D. D. Loffland, has lately associated with him in the hotel business at this place. Mr. Robert Gibbons of Bristol, Tenn., who has become a resident of our town.

These gentlemen are sparing neither pains or expense in fitting up their house, and are exerting themselves to make it a nice, pleasant and good place for travelers to stop. They have made several important improvements of late, and are now ready to treat everybody first class. We wish them success.

We understand that some of our farmers around here, are needing rain badly. We hope they will get plenty this week.

**OCCASIONAL.**  
**ALEXANDRIA LOCALS.**  
"Oh, Ignorance,  
Thou art fallen man's best friend  
With thee he speaks along his way!"  
Is this poetry? If not it carries with it the gist of the idea I wish to use. With this assurance I laugh this local from the suburbs of Alexandria Valley, feeling that I am clad with the aforsaid impenetrable armor. "Good wine needs no bush" therefore I indulge myself with the fancy that to write from so prosperous a community needs only my figure head, Alexandria Locals.

The valley is turning with brightening prospects for a beautiful crop of corn and cotton. There has been an unusually large wheat and oat harvest and the people are luxuriating in soft peaches and Jersey cream. There is in expectation, in the near future, a huge supper, ball, concert, &c, given by the Earnest Workers or Mite Gatherers. This may not be exact names but suffice it to say, it is an organization whose objective aim, is that of charity. You will be duly informed of the occasion and every body expected to attend. Since the return of our young lairds from Nashville, Rome, and Oxford the good people are thoroughly alive to the enjoyment of their bright happy faces, each trying to outvie the other in kindly deeds to their home welcoming.

Mrs. "Fate" Green gave a unique sociable last week, upon which occasion fourteen of our valley's fair ones graced her parlors. All went well as a marriage feast and none spoke but in terms of praise and exclamations of what a jolly time. Others will follow.

On the evening of the 23rd of June, your correspondent, in company with the genial W. H. Cooper, started to attend the public installation of the Masonic Lodge of Eastaboga and Blue Eye. Passing down the valley we beheld the "hard fisted yeomanry" cheerfully and industriously engaged in their farms and from appearances they will be amply rewarded.

Coming to Morrisville we drew rain for the night at the house of our deservingly popular citizen E. G. Morris. At the gate we were cordially taken by the hands by Mess. Elbert and Louis Morris and rushed right in. Very soon we were summoned to supper where we were kindly greeted with the cheerful smiles of our hostess. After regaling the inner man, we repaired to the parlor and enjoyed for a brief while, the refined wit and delightful music of Misses Carrie and Nelly. We found the old gentlemen absent in the interest of his manufacturing establishment though his sons Mess. Elbert and Louis, are strictly business men. Besides superintending their plantation and various machinery, they have in course of erection, and nearly completed, a foundry for the manufacture of their celebrated turbine water wheel. They are already thronged with orders. Also they are entertaining a proposition from a northern firm, to place in operation, a cotton factory of two thousand spindles.

After enjoying their welcome hospitality for the night we recommenced our journey with the addition of Mess. Elbert and Louis Morris. We arrived on the grounds at ten o'clock where, some four hundred of Talladega people had gathered to witness the installation. The first thing that greeted our ears, were "ice cold lemonade, walk right up." We did and partook—but didn't spike. Every thing went off nicely. Maj. Catlebury, of the Talladega bar addressed the crowd, giving the history of masonry, its moral and religious training, its charity &c. The audience was well pleased and enthused with the speech. The tables groaned under the weight of the fat pigs, kids, lambs, turkeys, chickens and all the paraphernalia that goes to make up a good dinner. Here I'll leave us, knowing that we are better men, that we have gazed upon Talladega fair women, that we have looked into their dark liquid eyes, that we have seen their white brows beautified with the cutest of cote bangs. In short I can't say it, neither will I tell tales, but Bill Cooper has unconditionally surrendered to a pair of black eyes, DOBBERRY.

**MRS. SUSAN A. NUNNELLY.**  
Died in Jacksonville, Ala., April 29, 1882, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Susan A. Nunnelly, wife of our esteemed citizen, Mr. Joseph Nunnelly. Mrs. Nunnelly was born in Talladega county, May 14, 1831, moved to Jacksonville when quite young, where she lived the remainder of her life, honored and loved by all who knew her. She was married to Mr. Joseph Nunnelly January 8, 1850, and was to him a helmsman in death. She recognized home as woman's sphere, and the duties devolving upon her in that sphere, as the great mission of a wife. Throughout her entire life, she cultivated those God like virtues and christian graces which characterized her.

here and now beautify her spirit in Eternity. In her family and society she filled a place only filled by the most loving, tender and affectionate companion and friend.

For more than twenty years she was a consistent member of the Baptist church and up to the time of her death was an earnest, devout, zealous christian. Her religion was of that higher, purer character that impressed those around her in every day life. It was in the hours of greatest affliction that the star of her hope of eternal happiness shone brightest. She bowed submissively beneath the rod of affliction and was content to know that the rod was in the hand of her Father, to whom she had unreservedly committed herself, and from whom she daily received strength and succor to bear her on. There was a beauty in her christian character during her protracted illness none could fail to see—the patience with which she bore her trials and the confidence she had in her Father. Her manner in the trying hour of death was alike beautiful and impressive. She did not look upon death as an order, but simply as a passage from a world of care to one of peace and joy. When asked if she could trust her Saviour in the hour of death, she replied, "I have placed my trust in the Lord a long time and now I am only waiting." However painful the separation, it is indeed gratifying to have such assurance of her happier abode beyond the grave.

To her relatives and many friends we extend our heartfelt sympathy, trusting that when the summons comes to them they may be as well prepared to meet it, and as peacefully "fall asleep in Jesus."

A. W. M.

**TATE SPRINGS.**  
Health and Pleasure for Alabamians.  
Already fourteen States are represented by the guests in attendance at Tate Springs, Ala. Tennessee. A good camping has been there all winter and has rapidly increased since the 1st of March. The season for the water has doubled in the past six weeks and is being shipped now to all points of the Union at the rate of 2,000 bottles per annum. We have seen no natural mineral water so strongly endorsed as a remedial agent for dyspepsia and diseases of the liver, stomach, bile and kidneys. Our doctors prescribe it and hundreds in Alabama are daily drinking the water at home and can attest its power over disease. When the summer travel sets in, more of our Alabama "summer resorts" will be found at Tate Springs than at any other resort outside of the State. Dr. J. S. Waterbury of Montgomery, is resident physician. The new building is complete and furnished. Send for large 47 page pamphlet containing full information on all points. Messrs. Tomlinson & Ragland, proprietors, will promptly answer all inquiries. July 10

**THE GULLETT IMPROVED MAGNOLIA COTTON GIN, CONDENSER & FEEDER.**  
has come in competition with nearly every other gin on the market at State Fairs, etc., and in every instance has established its superiority in the following essentials viz:  
**Light Draft,**  
**QUICK AND GOOD WORK AND FINE SAMPLE.**  
**TESTIMONIALS.**  
ALEXANDRIA, ALA., Dec. 15, 1881.  
Messrs. Derris & Co., Rome, Ga.  
DEAR SIRS: In reply to your enquiry, I will say the sixty six Light Draft Gullett Gin bought of you last fall gives perfect satisfaction. I have been ginning seventeen years, and I have yet to see a gin that makes as good a sample from dirty cotton as the Gullett. The feeder works perfectly in every respect, but the most important feature is the attachment for opening and improving the sample. The last cotton is improved by it so as to bring from 1 to 1 cent, and stained and dirty cotton from 8 to 1 cent per pound more in market than other gins.

W. J. BRIDGES,  
T. W. MANLEY,  
J. T. MANLEY.  
Rome, Ga., March 17, 1882.  
We, the undersigned are using the Gullett Improved Light Draft Cotton Gin. The gin is of superior workmanship. For fast ginning, safety in running, and light draft, (to do the same work) we think it has no equal. The feeder works perfectly in every respect, but the most important feature is the attachment for opening and improving the sample. The last cotton is improved by it so as to bring from 1 to 1 cent, and stained and dirty cotton from 8 to 1 cent per pound more in market than other gins.

Morgan & Graham, Cowen & Samuel, T. F. Howell, A. T. Hardin, W. T. Williams & Son, J. R. Towers, B. K. Thompson & Son, J. H. Smith, W. M. Slaughter, C. A. May & Co., Alex. Armstrong, Robert G. McCall, J. H. Armstrong, A. T. Simmons, M. Rosenberg & Bros.

I will pay one-fourth of a cent more for cotton from this gin than from any other gin. We claim our gin to be the best gin known to us, for the reason that it turns out smoother and cleaner cotton with less loss, and consequently is worth more money.

July 10—20  
ALEXANDRIA, ALA.

**NOTICE.**  
ALL PARTIES using the water from the water works are hereby respectfully notified, that by a recent order of the Council, they are required to pay for at least three months in advance. The water will positively be cut off from all who fail to so pay up by the 15th day of July, 1882.

R. L. ARNOLD,  
Collector for the town.

**Notice to Stockholders.**  
A meeting of the Jacksonville Mining Company is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Jacksonville, Alabama, on Monday the 19th day of June 1882, at 10 o'clock, a.m., for the purpose of electing officers, and for the transaction of some other important business of interest to the company. All of the stockholders are requested to attend promptly at this meeting. This May 13, 1882.

G. C. BLISS,  
J. W. GRANT,  
I. L. SWAN, Secy., Directors.

**Grand Midsummer Closing Out Sale.**  
—Lowest Prices and Biggest Bargains at Rock Bottom Cash Rates, on Easy Terms.  
Buy now, and pay when cotton comes in. A small cash payment and balance November 1st. 1,000 standard instruments, from best makers only. All styles and prices. No stock instruments. Makers' names on all.

**Special Mid-summer Offer.**  
PIANOS, \$25 cash—balance Nov. 1, 1882. ORGANS, \$10 cash—balance Nov. 1, 1882. Lowest cash rates and no interest. Can't buy cheaper next fall with cash in hand. Closing out to reduce stock and keep working force employed through summer.

Special Midsummer Offers to installment buyers. Send for Catalogues, Price Lists and Circulars giving information. Address Ludden & Bates' Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga. The Great Wholesale Piano and Organ Depot of the South. July 18—21

**FIRE INSURANCE.**  
**I. L. SWAN AGT.**  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.  
Four Good Home Companies to wit,  
Georgia Home, Ga.  
Home Protection, Ala.  
Central City, Ala.  
Columbus Ins. and Building Co., Miss.  
May 1st, 1880.

JOE A. WALTON, W. W. WOODWARD,  
Walden & Woodward,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Jacksonville, Ala.

Will practice in all the courts of the Circuit, and the Supreme Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

**S. F. HOBBS,**  
No. 40, Broad St. Selma, Ala.  
DEALER IN  
Watches, Diamonds,  
FINE JEWELRY, CLOCKS,  
Silver and Silver Plated Goods of every style and grade.

**Pianos and Organs**  
From the best makers, sold at lowest rates and on easy terms.  
If you desire to purchase an Organ or Piano for cash or on time, address us and prices and terms will be furnished. Instruments will be sent on trial, to be returned, if not satisfactory, may 14th

FRANK W. HOWARD, ROBT. L. ARNOLD,  
BOWDON & ARNOLD,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
—AND—  
Solicitors in Chancery,  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Circuit, U. S. Dist. Court and Supreme Court of the State. April 24, 1880

**STATE OF ALABAMA.**  
Callahan County.  
In Probate Court for said county, special term, May 29th, 1882.

Whereas at this term of the Court the estate of James P. Grant deceased was, by an order of this Court, declared insolvent, and at the same time a further order of said Court was made, requiring L. W. Grant, who is the administrator of said estate to appear in said Court on the 30th day of July, 1882, and make a settlement of his accounts as such administrator of said estate as an insolvent estate.

Notice is therefore given to the creditors of said estate and all other persons concerned, to be and appear at a special term of said Court to be held at the Court house of said county on said 30th day of July, 1882, and contest said settlement and nominate a future administrator of said estate if they think proper.

June 10—20  
J. A. WOODS,  
Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE TO 1882.**  
U. S. LAND OFFICE, MONTGOMERY, ALA. June 14, 1882  
Notice is hereby given that the following named letter has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, for the purpose of commencing the same, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the Circuit Court at Jacksonville, Ala., on July 22nd, 1882, viz: Jackson A. Landers, homestead No. 12494, for the S. W. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Sec. 18, T. 13, S. 10, R. 10, East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: John D. Blackwell, John R. Armstrong, James A. Woolf, William N. Cole, all of Cross Plains, Callahan county, Ala.

THOMAS J. SCOTT, Register.  
June 17—21

**East Tennessee, Virginia**  
—AND—  
**GEORGIA RAILROADS.**  
Forms the quickest and most convenient route to

**Eastern Cities.**  
—AND—  
**ONLY ROUTE**  
—TO THE—  
**Watering Places**  
—OF—  
**East Tennessee and Virginia**

The principal inducements are  
**SPLENDID SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.**

The only line passing through the mountain regions of East Tennessee and Virginia. Through cars run from Selma to Bristol without change. For information, address,  
JAS. R. ORR, Gen. P. A. Knoxville.  
RAY KIGHT, A. G. P. A. Selma.

**SELMA DIVISION.**  
Going South. Selma, Ala. 7:07 a.m.  
10:42 a.m. Gadsden, Ala. 1:25 p.m.  
1:32 p.m. Jacksonville, Fla. 4:25 p.m.  
4:26 p.m. Rome, Ga. 7:00 p.m.  
6:20 p.m. Dalton, Ga. 9:40 a.m.  
8:25 p.m. Cleveland, Ga. 7:00 a.m.  
11:50 p.m. Knoxville, Ala. 3:35 a.m.  
4:50 a.m. Bristol, Va. 10:20 a.m.

**ALABAMA CENTRAL DIVISION.**  
Westward. Selma, Ala. 1:00 a.m.  
5:45 a.m. Gadsden, Ala. 9:42 a.m.  
7:05 p.m. Montgomery, Ala. 8:50 a.m.  
10:00 p.m. Meridian, Miss. 6:55 a.m.

Mail Train North connects with Rome R. R. at Rome for Atlanta, and at Dalton with R. & A. R. R. for Chattanooga, and points North at Bristol with W. & A. R. R. for all Eastern cities. Accumulation train leaves Selma at 4:40 p.m., connecting with L. & N. at Calera for all Western cities; arrives at Selma 10:15 a.m. Mail train South connects at Calera with L. & N. for Montgomery, and at Meridian with N. O. & V. & M. roads for Mobile, New Orleans and Vicksburg.

JNO. M. BRIDGES, Supt.  
RAY KIGHT, Agent.  
Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent, Selma, Ala. June 29, 1882

OTT SMITH T. A. WIGGS, late of Ledbetter Bros. & Co.

# SMITH & WIGGS,

—DEALERS IN—

## Family Groceries and Dry Goods.

### NEW FIRM, NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES.

#### Cash Store at Weavers.

We would respectfully announce to our friends, and the public generally, that we have opened out a nice, new, fresh stock of

## GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,

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# Jacksonville Republican

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JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.

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Twenty two insertion.....2 00

Twenty three insertion.....1 50

Twenty four insertion.....1 00

Twenty five insertion.....75 00

Twenty six insertion.....50 00

Twenty seven insertion.....35 00

Twenty eight insertion.....25 00

Twenty nine insertion.....15 00

Thirty insertion.....10 00

Thirty one insertion.....7 00

Thirty two insertion.....5 00

Thirty three insertion.....3 00

Thirty four insertion.....2 00

Thirty five insertion.....1 50

Thirty six insertion.....1 00

Thirty seven insertion.....75 00

Thirty eight insertion.....50 00

Thirty nine insertion.....35 00

Forty insertion.....25 00

Forty one insertion.....15 00

Forty two insertion.....10 00

Forty three insertion.....7 00

Forty four insertion.....5 00

Forty five insertion.....3 00

Forty six insertion.....2 00

Forty seven insertion.....1 50

Forty eight insertion.....1 00

Forty nine insertion.....75 00

Fifty insertion.....50 00

Fifty one insertion.....35 00

Fifty two insertion.....25 00

Fifty three insertion.....15 00

Fifty four insertion.....10 00

Fifty five insertion.....7 00

Fifty six insertion.....5 00

Fifty seven insertion.....3 00

Fifty eight insertion.....2 00

Fifty nine insertion.....1 50

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## DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow,  
Were we but willing to furnish the wings,  
So sadly intruding,  
And quietly brooding  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming  
Of looks that are beaming,  
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;  
Eye's bright as a berry,  
Checks red as a cherry,  
The groan and the curse, and the heartache cure.

Resolved to be merry,  
All worry to ferry  
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,  
And no longer fearful,  
But happy and cheerful,  
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

## ONLY FOR A TIME.

"That is a sweet voice—very," said Captain Mayell; "and with more cultivation too than one is apt to find among the general run of itinerant minstrels."

He was standing at the corner of the street waiting for an omnibus.

Somewhere there was a block of vehicles, and the omnibus was slow in making its appearance, but while he waited Captain Mayell listened vaguely to the wild street ballad vaguely to the faint accompaniment of a cracked violin.

The blind fiddler in his tattered velvet coat and picturesque white beard passed his hat around, and the singer, with her face half veiled by the folds of the black shawl, which was thrown over her head and fell in long nun-like folds about her slight person, stood holding the violin.

As her large liquid eyes fell on Mayell he advanced, and holding out a silver coin, spoke some laudable sentence in the musical modulations of the Italian language.

She took the money with a murmured word of thanks, but she shy, surprised glance denoted that she had not understood him.

"So they are not Italian's after all," said Mayell, as he sprang into the omnibus. "I was sure that olive skin, and those deep melting eyes could only have caught their glow under the skies of Italy."

"Well, it only shows how easy one is to be mistaken. At all events, it was a fair, dimpled little face, and I hope her grizzled old friend will reap an ample harvest of pennies."

And in searching for the abiding place of his old friend, Mr. Castleton, the decayed artist, he completely forgot the little incident of the evening.

"No. 44, Sea Court," he said to himself. "Yes, this must be the place. And yet, glancing up at the mildewed brick walls and indescribable shabbiness of the old house, 'who would have expected to find Warde Castleton here?'"

"Warde Castleton, the descendant of a long line of ancestry—Warde Castleton, whom I can remember as the master of Castle Hall."

"Bad management, extravagant living, mad investments—this is what they have brought him to. Poor fellow! one can scarcely offer charity to him; and yet what is to be done?"

And groping his way into the hall, where a sort of Cimmerian darkness reigned, he managed to inquire his way to the floor where Mr. Castleton lived.

The majestic old artist came forward to receive him, in a tattered dressing-gown which had once been ruby velvet, a cap of the same material on his head, and a maulstick in his hand.

"Ah, Mayell, my old friend," he cried, grasping the hand of the unexpected guest—"or rather the young friend of my old days—you are welcome."

"You find me rather indifferently situated; but we all know that genius is, at times, under a cloud."

"Walk in—walk in! Here is Mrs. Castleton, and Beatrice, my eldest daughter. But where is Miriam?—little Miriam, the beauty and the runaway of the flock? Call her, Trix. Tell her to get us some supper. She will be directly."

Mrs. Castleton, a little old lady in a lace cap, who had lost the use of her limbs, sat knitting in a wheeled chair, by the sadly insufficient fire.

Her poor nose was blue, and the hand which she held out to Clarence Mayell was cold as an icicle.

Beatrice, a pale young woman of twenty, drew an old screen before the table, on which was a plate of cold meat and a pitcher of thin tea, and made haste to adjust the easel so as to hide the cot-bed in the corner.

Mr. Castleton pointed to the easel, with a flourish of the hand.

"You see, Mayell," said he, "that I still cling to my old habits."

"My hand is scarcely as steady now as I could wish, but it seems necessary to sell a picture now and then. Trix, where is your sister? Why does not Miriam come in? We have some wealthy acquaintances, Mayell," the old man continued, "who decline to buy my

pictures, and who contrive systematically to ignore us."

"But I am told that Miriam frequently goes to them. Well, well, I cannot wonder—the child is young, and this," glancing contemptuously around the room, "is hardly the place to attract a girl's capricious fancy. Trix, here is time for her old parents."

"Papa," said Beatrice, coloring, "do not blame Miriam, she—"

"Have I blamed her?" The old artist shrugged his shoulders. "She is young—she is very young—that is all. As I was saying, Mayell, I sell a picture now and then, and so we manage to keep alive. Just let me show you some of the ideas I have sketched on canvas."

And while Captain Mayell turned over the old man's portfolio and cogitated within himself how he might best offer to purchase a picture without hurting the sensitive pride of the artist, the silent Beatrice put more coal on the dying fire, spread a clean cloth on the table, and set forth a meal which had evidently been purchased in haste from the shelves of the nearest cheap restaurant.

Half of a skinny cold duck, a little dab of muddy currant jelly, a pile of bread, and a potato salad.

And when the unappetizing meal was over, and they sat shivering by the fire, the door opened, and in glided a small slight figure like a shadow.

"It's Miriam," said Mr. Castleton; "my youngest girl. Come in, pet, and speak to Captain Mayell."

Miriam stopped abruptly in the doorway, and turned first red, then pale, before she advanced and held out an unwilling hand.

Mayell rose and bowed over it; but as their eyes met he smiled a little.

"Miss Castleton," said he, "I am very happy to meet you."

And Miriam hid herself away behind her mother's chair, close to Beatrice, and do what Captain Mayell would, he could not succeed in drawing her into the conversation.

"I will make her look up," he said to himself, a little chagrined at the steadfastness with which the dark eyes were bent towards the fire.

Turning to the artist he asked carelessly—

"Does your daughter sing?"

"A little, in a wild way, like a lark or a nightingale," said Mr. Castleton. "She had a guitar once, but it is lost or broken, or something. Can't you sing for us, daughter?"

The music was successful.

Miriam looked up in a frightened way, her eyes glittering, her cheeks glowing in red spots.

"I cannot sing to night," she said hurriedly. "Please, papa, don't ask me."

But when Captain Mayell had taken leave for the night, and was groping his way down the stairs, he was most suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by Miriam herself wrapped in the black shawl, with Beatrice at her side.

"Captain Mayell," said Beatrice in a low voice, "what must you think? For our own sakes we owe you an explanation."

"Hush, Trix!" cried Miriam excited.

"All this preamble is quite unnecessary. I will tell him all about it."

"Papa doesn't know that I sing with old Bartimeo in the streets—but mamma does and Trix."

"They know that Bartimeo takes excellent care of me; and I wear his daughter's dress; and we cannot let poor papa stare."

"And," sobbed added Trix, "we give papa the money, and he thinks old Bartimeo has sold a picture for him to some of the Italian dealers down town."

"Poor papa! and it makes him so happy! And, indeed, indeed no one speaks to Miriam except with the greatest courtesy and kindness. And we hope you will not betray our secret to poor papa, as he would never, never, forgive us at all."

"Pray," cried Mayell genuinely touched, "do not imagine that I could be guilty of such a dishonorable thing. Believe me, Miss Castleton—"

Miriam, very white and cold, was looking at him with eyes that flashed scornful lightning.

"Here is the wretched coin you gave me," said she. "Take it back."

"Why?" he asked, confounded and hurt.

"Because I hate you," she answered, promptly seizing her sister's arm.

"Come, Trix, let us go."

But he posted himself directly across her path, determined not thus to part.

"But why do you hate me?" said he.

"Because I respect your courage and sense, and honor your filial duty?"

"Because you despise me," she retorted.

"Never," he cried, taking her hand in spite of herself; and then and there they became fast friends.

"I am coming to-morrow," he said, "to order a picture of your father. Will you also bid me welcome?"

And she answered shyly—

"Yes."

But she went out singing no more.

Blind Bartimeo and his violin were unaccompanied now.

Warde Castleton died the next summer, entirely unaware of the deception which had been practiced upon him, and Captain Mayell asked pretty Miriam to be his wife.

"Do you know, darling," he said,

"I have loved you ever since I saw you singing on the pavement in that picturesque Italian costume."

And among her wedding gifts was a diamond-studded gold locket, in which was set the tiny silver coin which he had given her on that bleak November afternoon when the twilight was verging into dusk.

## A Captain's Coolness.

The steamer *Springfield* recently went up the river from Cincinnati with two hundred residents of Nelson's Business School of both sexes, mostly persons of nearly mature years, on a picnic to Parker's Grove, about fifteen miles up the Ohio river. The steamer, returning, arrived near the Newport railroad bridge at seven o'clock. The river is nearly forty feet high and a strong wind was blowing. The steamer had to lower her chimneys to get under the bridge. Captain Hart was at the wheel. There was some delay in lowering the chimneys on account of imperfect working machinery. The strong wind from the north struck the boat, which was high on the water on account of a light load. The captain saw the edge of the bridge pier amidships. He saw at a glance the peril of the position. It was too late to back against a strong current and a powerful gale. He ordered on all the steam possible and dashed ahead. The starboard side of the steamer struck the pier. All the passengers who were on the upper deck were jostled and many thrown on their faces. The passengers rushed pell-mell to the boiler deck and huddled together. The steamer grazed the pier, crushing her studding sail, barbed wire, mess house, wheel house and wheel. A signal of distress was thrown out. The boat floated helplessly down the stream and struck the coal barges moored below, wrecking one so that the coal was thrown into the river to save the barge. The passengers all scrambled off on to the coal barges without injury except in torn clothing, scratched hands and faces and slight bruises to some of them. There was a panic at the moment, but no one jumped overboard. The time between striking the pier and colliding with the coal fleet was very brief, which was a fortunate circumstance. It was a very narrow escape from a frightful casualty. Two seconds' hesitation of the captain of the wheel would have been equivalent to cutting the boat in two and losing the lives of nearly all on board.

## Ready Made Angles.

"Some queer characters! Well, I should say so. We meet more oddities in this business than you would believe, and see a side of human nature that is not shown up in any trade that I know of."

The remark came from an old marble-cutter, who was busily engaged recently in chipping out a gorgeous looking animal, presumably a lion, on a flat slab of snowy marble. The lion stood out in relief, and in its unfinished condition bore a strong resemblance to a hump-backed buffalo in pantaloons.

"That stone," said the man, as he carefully dug out the lamb's eye with the point of a delicate tool, "was ordered by a woman who is a character in herself. Her husband died nearly three years ago. She came to me last Monday week, and spent just five hours in giving her order. I had just finished chipping out a beautiful figure of an angel when she came into the shop. She has a thin, vinegary face, a squaky voice, and a pair of eyes looking two ways for Sunday."

"What'll it cost?" says she, 'to have a headstone made for my old man? He's been dead goin' on three years now, and his folks are complainin' because I haven't had it done before. To tell the truth he didn't deserve it. He was the old-fellows meanest man you ever see. Still, it's got to be done, and I wish it as cheap as possible. Now what'll it be with his name and some words on it?"

"Well, madame," said I, it all depends on what kind of a headstone you want—the size, the lettering, and the amount of labor required. I can get up a very nice stone with a ready-made angel or an Al Socoring Eye, for about \$35. But if you want a first-class angel, long wings, tu robe, and carved out in the highest style of art, it will cost a good deal more. Or if you want a nice lamb lying down or standing up, or a—"

"Now look here, said the woman, getting natty all of a sudden, 'who said anything about lambs or angels or any such trash? I just want what I told you, something good and cheap."

"So we argued for an hour, until she finally made up her mind to have a foot stone, with a lamb at the top."

"That's only to please his old maid sisters," said she, as sour like as you could imagine, 'for he wasn't any more like a lamb than I'm like a lion."

"But, please," continued the maker of tombstones and epitaphs, "there's lots more I like her, only worse. Some of them want one thing and some another. It's a little curious, too, how long people wait before they think of marking the resting-place of their dead. A year is probably the shortest time at the outside. Two years, ordinarily, and sometimes half a dozen, before it is thought of. Then they go to the marble cutter and haggle about the price. The first idea is to have a monument, but usually they end with a five foot headstone and a ready-made angel."

## Millions of Tons of Salt.

Saline Valley, Inyo county, is one of the most remarkable places in California. It is simply an immense basin, say twelve by twenty-five miles in size, surrounded on all sides with great mountains. At the lowest point of depression is found some 1,200 acres of pure salt—millions of tons of it, glistening like crushed snow. Bordered on this on all sides, except the west, come miles square of sandy, dusty lands, caustic, with alkali, borax or similar deposits.

## An Indian Queen.

A writer from Mandalay East India, gives the following account of a visit to the Queen and Royal Palace. I would not risk the bullock cart, again, but was carried in my long rattan chair—it might have been an open palanquin—and was very nice and easy. My husband, rode beside me along the road to the convent, which for some three miles is very pretty and there is abundant shade from the fine trees. Sister Teresa was waiting for us, as the Queen wished us to go early. My husband, however, had to go round to a shop near to buy some presents for her Majesty. That is a bit of a riddle. He soon came back with a well-laden tray of china, glass, perfumes, etc., the best he could find, and then our cavalcade started—Sister Teresa and another nun, in their bullock carriage, he on his pony, and I in my chair carried by coolies. In about half an hour we came to the city wall—for we had only seen the suburbs so far. It is a high wall of red brick, battlemented, and a mile and a quarter square. We passed through a great gateway, and found ourselves in a crowded city, and soon after that at the palace gate. The palace again is enclosed by a high stockade about a half a mile square. There my husband had to leave me, as no men are allowed to enter the Queen's precincts. My heart sank within me a little. It occurred to me that perhaps they might not let me out again; that perhaps they might keep me as a hostage until they came to terms with our Government, and a host of other "might" that my husband says only my "vivid imagination" could ever have conjured up. Once within the palace walls we were not allowed umbrellas, though the sun was very hot. Luckily, I had on a thick-pith hat. The royal guards are a most comical looking set, some clothed and wearing shiny red helmets, others looking like mere coolies. They have a queer collection of old muskets in their guard-house—quite harmless, I believe—but they have some very nasty looking spears, long enough to run through three people at once. After a very little walking we came to some steps, and here we have to leave our shoes. This shoe question is a sore subject to Europeans, and has prevented most English ladies who have come to Mandalay from visiting the Queen. I don't know if you visited the last Queen, but they tell me no one has yet been to see this one. Now it really is not so bad to go a few yards in one's stockings, provided no indignity is meant by the exacting; one can put on two or more pairs of stockings, and even slip a thick cork sole inside—anything, provided no shoes are seen. We walked through several passages, and when at last we were inside the palace the first thing that fell upon my surprised ears was a "Good morning, Mrs. Rowett," from a cheerful English voice. The speaker turned out to be a lady of the "Camp" sisterhood, who came here a few months ago to attend the Queen. She was considered in Rangoon to be doing a very risky thing, and possibly, if any mishap occurred to the mother of the child, it might have proved so. As it was, all went well, and the pluck of our "Camp," a very un-Gamp like woman, I must say, is rewarded by a salary of £50 a month, a permanent place, and a profusion of princely gifts. I found her barefooted, of course, but blazing in diamonds. Earrings, brooches, and rings adorned her person, and a quantity of splendid silks and velvets were displayed to me from her boxes. It was a great comfort to be able to rest at my ease in her room, and to hear all her gossip was most amusing. I was there about an hour. We were then called to the throne-room, and had another hour there before the Queen came. A bevy of princesses and maids of honor came and sat with us, on the floor, of course, and seemed anxious to have a look at the foreigner. They were very courteous to me, chatting constantly through the medium of the sister who came with the superior, a perfect Burmese scholar. They asked me many personal questions, including my age, which, if they were credulous, they now know to within ten years. They were all very richly dressed in the usual Burmese costume. First comes the tunic or shirt, which is very tightly girt round the hips, but flows more loosely at the feet, the trails slightly behind. Those worn on this occasion were like tasteful though very gorgeous. With that a fine cambric loose jacket, open front, and disclosing a bright-colored silk band, reaching from the waist to the armpits like a very broad sash. This arrangement produces the effect of a European square bodice, and leaves enough of the neck bare to show to advantage the mass of splendid pearls, rubies, and diamonds which every one of these lucky dames possesses. The jackets have tight sleeves, which have to be worked on over the hand like long kid gloves, and in fashionable society they are made so long as to form wrinkles from the elbow to the wrist. The hair is dressed with scrupulous neatness, a la Chinese, with a thick coil at the back, relieved always with a few fresh flowers.

## The Queen's Love.

Few, if any readers of English history have doubted that Queen Elizabeth, the maiden Queen, loved the chivalric Earl of Essex. Her's was a wild, infatuated love, such as the "glorious sorceress of the Nile" bore for her Mark Antony. She, a Queen upon whose head the crown of England sat nobly, made love to one of her courtiers—a favorite.

One night Elizabeth sat in her royal chamber, her head bowed upon the finely-covered table and the folds of her gorgeous night-dress hanging loosely around her. A light rap startled the queen from her reverie. She raised her head, brushed back her silver-threaded hair, and asked who wished admittance at such an hour.

"Annette," was the reply.

"Ah," my chambermaid," said the queen, as she opened the door, and a buxom lass, with bright eyes, raven tresses, entered and courtied most gracefully. "Thou art welcome, good Annette, but methinks thou comest late."

"There is a man at the wicket gate, my lady," replied the girl.

"Annette, a man?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is an unreasonable hour for a visit but did he state his business?"

"He said he wished to see the queen."

"Knowest thou his name, Annette?"

"The queen gazed into her maid's face rather searchingly.

"Yes, my lady; it is Essex."

"Then admit him at once."

"Into the reception room, mistress?"

"No, here."

Annette was dumbfounded, for never before had a man entered the private chamber of the queen.

Elizabeth looked at the wondering girl a moment, when, seeming to guess the cause of her wonderment, said—

"Thou needst not wonder, Annette; he comes on business pertaining to the kingdom. Admit him."

The maid courtied and withdrew.

The queen now dressed herself hastily and sat down to await her visitor.

Soon the door was pushed open, and handsome, gallant Essex entered. He approached the queen and grasped the extended hands.

Annette now prudently withdrew, and England's mighty sovereign and her lover were alone.

They talked for a long time and words which breathed of love were spoken. Ah! little thought Essex, then, that the hand he was covering with kisses, would, ere many months, sign his death warrant.

As the tower clock tolled the hour of midnight the courtier arose to depart. The queen drew a costly ring from her finger and placed it on his hand, saying, "Noble Essex, if troubles of State envelop thee, return this ring, and thou shalt not be forgotten."

The earl again raised his hands to his lips, and took his departure, Annette appearing to conduct him to the street.

As the door closed upon Essex's stately form, Elizabeth threw herself upon the rich couch and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, what a love I have for thee, noble Essex; yet I can never call the mine; and while she yet lay there sobbing, the lover lay traversing the moonlit streets, gazing upon the ring—the queen's talisman.

Reader, it is not great to be the lover of a queen; a different scene was not long afterward enacted in the same room. A dozen courtiers stood around the same queen—Essex's lover—as she sat before a table to affix her royal signature to a document that lay before her. Her eyes wandered unceasingly over it, and her bosom rose and fell with emotion. The document before her was the death warrant of Essex. He had been drawn into a plot by some nobles and his own rashness, and now lay in prison. Why did not she sign the death warrant?

She thought of the ring she had given Essex, and every moment she expected to see the royal talisman brought to her. The nobles grew very impatient and one asked—

"Why does not the queen sign?"

"That broke the stillness, aroused the queen, and with an unsteady hand she signed the death warrant. The deed was done—her lover must die."

After the execution of Essex the queen grew peevish and











